

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

No. 2214

[Registered as a
Newspaper.]

OCTOBER 10, 1914

PRICE THREEPENCE

This Number contains the following Special Articles :

THE WORLD'S DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.

THE BELGIAN REFUGEES.

BRITAIN'S SURE SHIELD.

AN OPEN LETTER TO EARL ROBERTS, K.G., V.C.

ARMIES AND THEIR SECRETS.

WAR NUMBER.

THE

ASIATIC REVIEW

(Formerly "The Asiatic Quarterly Review").

2s. 6d. net. 20s. per annum, post free.

New Series. Founded January, 1886.

VOL. V. NO. 11.

OCTOBER 1, 1914.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:

The Great War, and After.

THE EDITOR

The War and the Mighty Voice of India.

SIR R. LETHBRIDGE

England, Russia, and India. DR. JOHN POLLEN, C.I.E.

Military:

The British-Indian Army in Europe.

LIEUT.-COL. A. C. YATE

The Opening of the Eastern Campaign (with
Sketch-Maps). E. CHARLES VIVIAN

THE INDIAN PRESS AND THE WAR.

Published at WESTMINSTER CHAMBERS,

3, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

EVERY SIX WEEKS, ON

JANUARY 1, FEBRUARY 16, APRIL 1, MAY 15, JULY 1,
AUGUST 15, OCTOBER 1, NOVEMBER 16.

By EAST AND WEST, LIMITED.

[All Rights Reserved.]

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH SCOTLAND

BY TAKING IN EACH MONTH

Scottish Country Life

The High - class Illustrated
Monthly Journal of Scottish Out-door Life and Sport

Edited by GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

FEATURES:—

The Glens and their Chiefs
Yachts and Yachtmen
Rod and Reel

Feather and Fur
Famous Race Stables
Dogdom

Historic Homes
Famous Bowling Greens
On the Links

Our Territorials
Famous Burghs
Garden and Pleasure Ground

Plough and Harrow
Social Notes
Hound and Horn
Topical Leaders
The Road and the Car
Frill and Furbelow
Aeronautics
Camera Notes

And numerous articles on all phases of outdoor episode
and adventure, by the best writers in each department.

SUPERBLY PRINTED AND ILLUSTRATED.

Price 6d. net; by Post 9d. Annual Subscription, by Post, 9/-

Published on the First of each month by

SCOTTISH COUNTRY LIFE, Ltd., 115, Renfield Street, GLASGOW.

Sole Agents for England and the Colonies—

WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED,

ROLLS HOUSE, BREAMS BUILDINGS, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Canadian Branches at Toronto, Montreal, and Winnipeg.

South African Branches at Capetown, Johannesburg and Durban.

JOURNALISTIC and SECRETARIAL TRAINING for LADIES.
Rapid, systematic coaching. Six months' course from any date.
Excellent introductions given. Telephone or write, the TRIANGLE
SECRETARIAL OFFICES, 61, South Molton Street, W.

TYPEWRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000
words. Specimens and references.—Address, Miss MESSER, The
Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS.—Kipling's Complete Works, 25
vols., half calf, gilt, fine set, £12 12s.; Hamilton's Parodies, 6
vols., £2 10s.; Lea's Sacerdotal Celibacy, 2 vols., 6s. 6d.; Hughes'
Dictionary of Islam, 25s.; Aldington's trans. Golden Ass of Apollonius,
6s. 6d. Thackeray's Centenary Biographical Edition, 26 vols., £6 6s.;
Symonds Problem in Modern and Greek Ethics, 2 vols., £3 10s.;
Joly's Legend in Japanese Art, £2 2s.; Morrison Painters of Japan,
2 vols., £2 10s.; Leland's Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling, 1891,
30s.; Chaffer's Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain, 1912,
42s.; Grimm's Fairy Tales, large paper, illus. by Rackham, £2 2s.;
Proc. Inst. Civil Engineers, 142 vols., cloth, £16 16s.; Porter's
Knights of Malta, 1858, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17
vols., illustrated, £17 17s.; Gould's History Freemasonry, 3 thick
vols., morocco binding, £2 2s., cost £6 6s.; Dewhurst Im-
pressionist Painting, 15s.; Habershon Records of Old London,
Vanished and Vanishing, coloured plates, folio, £2 2s.; Yeats' Col-
lected Works, 8 vols., £3 3s.; Walpole's Letters, large paper, 16
vols., £7 10s.; Oscar Wilde, by L. E. Ingleby, 12s. 6d., for 4s. 6d.;
Ditchfield Vanishing England, 15s., for 6s. 6d.; Landor's Lhasa, 2
vols., new, 42s., for 14s.; Spenser's Faerie Queene, 2 vols., Cam-
bridge University Press, £3 13s. 6d., for 32s. Will take any good
books in exchange for above.—BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP,
John Bright Street, Birmingham.

THE ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE

CONTAINS EVERY WEEK:—

**A Full Summary of the movements of
all the Armies concerned.**

**Articles written by a Staff of Naval and
Military Officers dealing with the
Operations on Sea and Land.**

**All the Latest News communicated and
commented upon by experienced
observers.**

6d. weekly.

Subscription 7s. per quarter, post free.

Offices:
22, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE ACADEMY

contained:—

SEPTEMBER 12th:

**An Open Letter to
LORD KITCHENER**

and

**A Special Article by ADMIRAL MAHAN,
SEA POWER
AND THE PRESENT WAR.**

SEPTEMBER 19th:

**An Open Letter to
F.-M. Sir JOHN FRENCH,
K.C.M.G., etc. (With Sketch Portrait.)**

SEPTEMBER 26th:

**An Open Letter to
THE KAISER.**

OCTOBER 3rd.

**An Open Letter to the Rt. Hon.
Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P.**

THE BEST WAR ARTICLES

appear every week

in

The Outlook

PRICE SIXPENCE WEEKLY

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS

Offices—167, STRAND, W.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week	359	Reviews:	
The World's Deadly Night-		Britain's Sure Shield	365
shade	360	Armies and their Secrets	366
The Amateur Strategist ...	361	Warring Rome	366
Patents and Patrons	362	Fiction	367
An Open Letter to F.-M.		'Academy' War Acrostics	368
Lord Roberts, K.G., V.C. 363		Motoring	368
The Belgian Refugees	364	In the Temple of Mammon	369
		Correspondence	370
		Books Received	371

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE is at ROLLS HOUSE, BREAMS BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

An Open Letter to KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM will appear in next week's "Academy"

Notes of the Week

The War

STILL another week and there is nothing very definite to report concerning what is now known as the Battle of the Rivers. There has been violent fighting in places, the balance of successes being in favour of the Allies, whose line is ever lengthening northwards. Whilst we are waiting for the end of this unprecedented struggle the situation in Belgium has become more contradictory and more critical. There are persistent reports that the Germans are retiring, and the reinforcements which have reached von Kluck seem to point to the truth of this. On the other hand, the Germans have got up their heavy siege guns, and are beginning their attack on Antwerp. In London many exciting rumours are afloat as to the possibilities regarding the city, and suggestions are made which cannot at the moment be published. There seems no question of the fine spirit in which the defenders are prepared to meet the worst the Germans can do. For our part we should not be surprised to learn that the menace is a forlorn hope, and that the Germans understand their real business is elsewhere. The Russians are sweeping forward at a pace which makes the steam-roller simile antiquated. They have scored heavily both in East Prussia and in Galicia. The Germans seem as incapable as the Austrians of withstanding their advance. German losses must be terrific. It is apparently admitted that they already exceed a third of a million men, and Berlin's only solace is the official assurance that the Kaiser's incomparable troops are

holding their own where they are not actually victorious. There will be a rude reckoning for someone when Berlin learns the truth.

Empire Forces

The German Empire overseas continues to dwindle. Japan has seized Jaluit Island in the Marshall group, and German possessions in Africa are being vigorously attacked, or where German forces have taken the initiative they are being heavily punished. Their attempts to invade British East Africa have been repulsed by small bodies, and reinforcements from India will shortly give the British the advantage. In South Africa the Union forces have no easy task, as they have already discovered. It is said they have to meet an army of 10,000 admirably trained and equipped Germans. That Germany has been long preparing for the war is proved by letters intercepted in South Africa as far back as the early part of June. Her efforts to save even a remnant of her colonies can only be spasmodic. How different is the outlook for the British Empire. Colonial contingents are on the high seas coming to join the forces of the mother country in the field, and the Indian troops are already well on their way to the front. Their arrival at Marseilles was the occasion of an extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm.

Casuist Kultur

The peculiar ethics of German Kultur are strikingly shown by a defence put up by Herr Dernburg to the attack made by Dr. Eliot, the ex-president of Harvard. Dr. Eliot hopes that the Allies will "promote the noble German civilisation" by defeating "German barbarousness," and incidentally reminds America and the world at large what a German triumph would mean. Neither treaties nor professions of peaceful intention offer the least security if they are to be interpreted by Kaisers, Neitzsches and Bernhardis. Herr Dernburg has apparently superseded the egregious Count Bernsdorff in the great work of attempting to educate the obtuse American mind to German ways of looking at things. He says that "the European situation is too complicated to be clearly explained"—so he asks the American people to take his word. His word is that nations are justified in disregarding treaties. "It was to Great Britain's interest to maintain the treaty of Belgian neutrality. It was against Germany's interests, and that is why she broke it." Machiavelli never went further than that. Meantime, Herr Dernburg has succeeded in making it clear to all the world that Germany deliberately refuses to honour a bargain which she finds it convenient to repudiate. Mr. Roosevelt seizes upon Germany's ruthless indifference to her engagements to declare every scrap of paper worthless—as though Great Britain's action were not a shining example to the contrary.

"Heathen" Japan

There have been many sharp reflections on the participation of the Japanese in the war, especially by the

Christians of Germany. Sir Claude M. Macdonald does well to point out that some Christian nations have much to learn in chivalry, courtesy and honesty from "heathen Japan."

The whole world knows with what splendid valour our allies fought, but it is not known as generally as I think it ought to be how straightforward, honest, and dignified, and how loyal to us, was the conduct of these negotiations; it is not generally known how appreciative of the stubborn valour of their opponents, how courteous and chivalrous to them in defeat, how cheery and patient in their own sufferings, were the "heathen" Japanese. It is not known, perhaps, as I know it, that fullest information regarding wounded Russians in the hospitals of Japan, for transmission to their friends, was immediately obtainable, the nature and gravity of the wounds, and in some cases even the temperature of the patient, being telegraphed! The present Viceroy of India, then Ambassador at St. Petersburg, can bear me out as to this.

Few have had better or more intimate opportunities of studying Japanese methods than Sir Claude Macdonald; his testimony will carry conviction everywhere outside "heathen" Germany.

A Point of Honour

We associate ourselves unreservedly with the brief but dignified letter of Mr. James H. Blackwood, President of the Publishers' Association, in the *Times* of Tuesday, concerning the offers of German copyright works to English publishers by unscrupulous persons who have not, of course, secured permission or rights of translation. All is not fair, even in love or war, and this procedure in simple language amounts to nothing less than stealing. Opportunity, we know, makes the thief; but while it is one thing to take advantage of the war to capture trade which we should have secured long ago by industrial enterprise, it is quite another matter to appropriate the literary property of our enemies—in direct defiance of the Berne Convention, as Mr. Blackwood points out—and defend the action on the plea of hostilities in progress. There is no such defence for any honourable man. And, since we stand for honour in this conflict, let us not adopt methods which might be expected from less particular opponents.

"Academy" Dum-dums

The Germans propose in retreat to abandon the goose step for the Turkey trot.

Is Great Britain playing the game? Before it has fairly begun Mr. John McEwan informs us she has appropriated the rubber—which should have gone to Germany.

The most hopeful thing about the Belgian position is that the Kaiser has retired to Cologne: he is generally a herald of victory to his enemies.

There is a shortage of lead in Germany, but it is understood this will not embarrass the Munchausen type founders.

Mrs. Winston Churchill does not propose to ask the Emperor William to be godfather to her baby daughter.

The World's Deadly Nightshade

MILITARISM appears a worse poison to the conscience of humanity the more its effects, as revealed in Germany, are studied. If there is one opinion more sure-based than another at this moment, it is that responsibility for the crime perpetrated against not merely civilisation, but God himself, rests with the Kaiser. To all who live outside Germany, the evidence which convicts William II and the system for which the House of Hohenzollern has always stood is irrefutable. Nothing in history is borne out by facts as absolute and unchallengeable—facts so plain that they silence some of the most determined of peace propagandists; the few who think Great Britain might have avoided participation in the hideous conflict can only make out a case by suggesting that Great Britain should have eaten the leek presented by Germany. With evidence so overwhelming as that provided by official documents against the Kaiser it would be incredible if it were not true that those in Germany who call themselves, and according to their lights are, Christians, should fix responsibility for the carnage on Sir Edward Grey and his colleagues. No more amazing document was ever sent abroad than that in which the German theologians appealed to Evangelical Christianity at large. These worthy divines condemn "the systematic network of lies" which casts guilt upon Germany; they are shocked and indignant that their right, and that of their Empire, to invoke the assistance of God should be challenged; they take the Emperor at his own valuation as the would-be peace-preserver, and picture Germany as compelled to protect herself from savage Asiatic barbarism. "Unnameable horrors"—unnameable is the right word—have, we are told, been committed against Germans living peaceably abroad: a statement which cannot, of course, be substantiated.

This appeal to Evangelicalism by *tu quoque* leaves "Christians in neutral and inimical lands" unmoved except in sorrow that the Christianity of Germany should thus shamelessly support the "culture" and the tyranny which German militarism embodies. Europe, as M. Anatole France says, has been turned into "a red vineyard of war" because the whole world does not choose to be dominated by the system which has hoodwinked Christian Germany. This peculiar Christian protest is merely proof that the Church, with everything else in the Fatherland, is militant in the worst sense of the term. In a reply, marked by infinite dignity and patience, forty-two representatives of British Churches, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, set out the simple facts which by this time are patent to all, save German Christians. "Dear to us as peace is," they say, "the principles of truth and honour are yet more dear." That these principles are dear to Christians in Germany, as elsewhere, is beyond question; how, then, has their sense of right and wrong been so shockingly stunted? It is enough to make the plain Christian who has not learned his creed under

the Kaiser despair of both truth and honour that the circumstances of government and country can so far override both as to admit of the issue of an appeal which might have come direct from a bureau controlled by the military caste who have made a shambles of Belgium and Eastern France. We cannot but regard that appeal as the most convincing proof that German militarism is the deadliest of deadly nightshades, more convincing even than the wrongs inflicted on innocent women and children and the ruin wrought on sacred and priceless structures. As the Bishop of Clogher pointed out the other day, the German professors who have been the spokesmen of militarism regard Christianity as a decadent movement, and the New Testament as "the Gospel of a completely ignoble species of man!" The appeal to Evangelicalism certainly goes far to suggest that in Germany Christianity is "a decadent movement." German Christians have much to learn—and unlearn—and we can only wonder what their attitude will be when time shall have convinced them of the truth. They will certainly not find it whilst they accept the Kaiser as its divine exponent.

The Amateur Strategist

BY E. CHARLES VIVIAN.

FATUOUSNESS is a strong word to use in connection with the criticisms passed on the operations of the present war, but certain papers and certain statements render it a justifiable expression. The trouble seems to lie in the inability of the critics—some of them professed students of military matters—to grasp the limitations under which an army takes the field; impossible movements of troops are gravely put forward as probable, and the lay reader is invited to anticipate things which could not possibly happen. A few instances will show what is done in this way, and at the same time may contribute to a better understanding of the operations at present taking place in France.

The most glaring instance of all is that of an article in the *Observer* which, in criticising the battle of the Marne and the German movements connected therewith, allotted to von Kluck and his army certain alternatives. It was gravely proposed in this article, as an alternative course open to von Kluck's adoption, that he should "pass west of Paris with his army, and continue the enveloping movement to which the Germans stood committed by their rapid advance through northern France." This was the sense of the suggestion,

although the above words were not the exact ones employed, and it is almost incredible that a writer with an average amount of common sense—let alone a knowledge of the difficulties attendant on moving an army an extra ten miles—should put forward such an utter impossibility as a practicable scheme, only rejected by von Kluck after due deliberation and in favour of a slightly better one.

What the critic proposed, in effect, was that von Kluck and the army under his command should put between themselves and the army on their left, with which they were obliged to maintain contact, forty miles or more of the most strongly fortified area in France. Such a course would have amounted to utter extinction of the force under von Kluck; it would, as things stood then, have laid him open to attack in front, in rear, and on both flanks, and it would have placed the left flank of his army in contact with the untouched fortified area of Paris for the whole of the march—or, at the best, in contact with troops of the enemy's force who could issue out from the cover of the Paris fortifications to do an amazing amount of damage, and retire into perfectly safe shelter if von Kluck's resistance to their attack became too strong to be comfortable.

After this, the statement in an evening paper that an officer's life was saved through a bullet striking his electric torch becomes merely amusing, and the word of a naval critic in a leading morning journal to the effect that "the time for the Navy to take action will be decided by the naval authorities," merely puts the Board of Trade out of court as a naval advisory committee. The truth seems to be that would-be critics, in the effort to justify their existence as such, either indulge in long-winded platitudes or seek impossible solutions to problems that are in reality perfectly simple.

The critic, and incidentally the man who reads the criticism, should bear in mind a few elementary facts as regards the capabilities of troops and the men who command them. In the first place, it should always be remembered that the successful leader must co-operate effectively with the forces not directly under his control. Thus von Kluck, in all that he did, had to consider the army on his left and what it could do in relation to his own actions; he had also, but not so definitely, to consider the actions of the troops farther to the left—the German forces had to act as one whole, or be destroyed: they owed their rapid advance and all that they gained from it to co-operative action, and each unit was and is dependent on the work of the others.

THE LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Bonus for over 20 years . . . 38/- per cent. compound.

Everyone wants the BEST in Everything, so why not have the BEST LIFE POLICY by effecting one with this Society?

10, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

In the second place, when we hear of armies appearing suddenly at certain points, we should, before accepting the accounts as correct, bear in mind the marching capabilities of troops. The pace of a force, for all marches of such a length as involve the movement of supplies, is the pace of the slowest unit in that force. In their three weeks of tremendous marching southward, the Germans were compelled to wait for their transport and supplies to catch them up—or the men who were rushed forward would have starved—and the same applies to every body of men. The extreme pace that can be sustained is somewhere between fifteen and twenty miles a day—human endurance reaches its limits with this, and no more can be regarded as possible. In forced marches, troops have accomplished as much as forty miles a day, but this cannot be maintained, and the retirement of our own and the French troops, fighting rearguard actions all the time, must count in future military histories as a wonderful achievement, although the average rate of progression was little over twelve miles a day. The civilian who has never undergone military training cannot conceive how it is that, the larger the body of men concerned, the slower its rate of progression must necessarily be; but it is so, all the same.

The critic, again, has in many cases overlooked possibilities in the Russo-German campaign. "It is less than 200 miles from the Russian frontier to Berlin," he says, "and the Russians ought to do it in a month easily." Therein he overlooks the fact that if the Russian centre advanced straight on Berlin, the Germans in East Prussia and the Austrians in Galicia could close in on the Russian lines of communication, cut the army off from its base, and destroy it at leisure or force its surrender. For an army with its lines of communication cut is like a man with his wind-pipe severed; it is a force subsisting by methods contrary to the laws governing civil communities, and *must* maintain communication with a base of supplies.

These are elementary facts, and, to one who has undergone military discipline and seen military conditions in working, so obvious that they need no mention; but the attitude and statements of some critics prove that even elementary facts need to be hammered home. "Our Military Correspondent," in a good many cases, talks with perfect gravity of armies moving about with no regard to what is happening in their rear, no concern for the protection of their flanks, and in self-supporting fashion—all three of which are impossibilities. Our Press would do well to employ as military critics only men who can realise the limitations, as well as the powers, of armies in the field.

One of the most interesting books dealing with the country that is now the scene of fighting is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's famous volume, "The Path to Rome." The standard edition, with 80 illustrations by the author, is published by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

Patents and Patrons

THE authors of the excellent handbook* before us describe very clearly the origin and nature of the monopoly which is granted to an inventor for a limited period in return for a full and complete description of his invention and the manner of working it. As regards a British invention worked in this country the question is a simple one, as the industry is established here and there are always trained workmen who can carry it on in case of need. With patents granted to foreigners in this country the case is very different. Their factories are established in their own countries and the monopoly given to them here prevents English manufacturers from competing with them. The recent outcry in the Press has at last called attention to a state of affairs which has long been known to those behind the scenes. In 1906, speaking as a member of a deputation to the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Walter F. Reid, late President of the Society of Chemical Industry, used words that were so prophetic of what has now happened that they may be repeated: "The question is whether the industry shall be established in this country. It is quite useless to have a patent if the industry is not established here, for otherwise, when the time of stress comes, we shall not be able to produce the materials required to keep the enemy from our shores."

Mr. Lloyd George, with commendable patriotism and perhaps with some opposition from his Free Trade friends, introduced a new Patent Bill that, for a time, ensured compulsory working of all patents in this country. Then came a decision of Mr. Justice Parker which, to the lay mind, was entirely opposed to both the spirit and wording of the Act, and now the whole battle has to be fought over again. As has been pointed out by the Chairman of the Institute of Inventors, the paid agents of foreign inventors are taking a prominent part in that battle, and our Government will rarely acknowledge the British inventor unless he can contribute handsomely to party funds. It is known to very few that the inventor of the process by which all the powder used in the present war is made is an Englishman. It would surprise most of his countrymen to know that when he was twice offered the Cross of the Legion of Honour by the French and a great distinction by the German Government he was prevented from accepting them by his own Government, who have never offered him the slightest recognition for this and many other services rendered. Perhaps the latest developments in connection with the international struggle may induce them to give greater honour to those who spend time and money in the hope of being useful to the country.

To the authors of the book before us inventors will be grateful for a clear and concise statement of the present state of the law in connection with this difficult subject.

**The Inventor's Handbook of Patent Law and Practice.*
By F. E. BRADLEY and F. H. BOWMAN. (Ewart Seymour and Co. 5s.)

An Open Letter to F.-M. Earl Roberts, K.G., V.C.

MY LORD,—There are occasions when it is a sorry satisfaction to find that one was right. Such an occasion has come to you in these past two months, and you are too good-natured, too generously disposed to take more than a sharply qualified pleasure in the overwhelming proof that you have lived to see the full justification of your words. With what in other men would have been superb courage, but in you is wholly natural, you have been devoting your octogenarian energy to the almost hopeless task of rousing your country to a proper sense of its military deficiencies. You have spoken plainly because you have seen clearly what others were either wilfully blind to or were incapable of seeing—which comes to pretty much the same thing so far as national interests are concerned. Officials who should have known better have combined with the prejudiced person in the streets to denounce your efforts as those of senility. “‘Bobs’ has lost his head,” “Lord Roberts is in his dotage,” “a scare-monger,” “a jingo,” “a Cassandra,” “a disappointed old man,” “a hidebound militarist who would impose on free England the limitations of Continental conscription”—such are some of the not too polite terms in which one has heard you referred to because you have chosen to devote days that other men would have spent in leisure to a purely patriotic propaganda. A purblind public has ignored the frank teachings of German professors, and refused to regard you as anything else than the victim of Teutophobia. It has been a trying time for you: it has been a trying time for those among us who have never had a moment’s doubt that you were entirely in the right and have admired the manner in which you maintained your ground whatever superior ignorance might say or do; it has been a time from which, thanks only to our Navy, we may hope to emerge with no more serious consequences than a very vivid consciousness of the narrow escape we have had.

My Lord, every one to-day recognises the truth, the force, the insight of every syllable you have uttered by way of warning. You knew, as Mr. Leo Maxse knew. Are we to assume that you and he and a few others were informed whilst those in authority who deprecated your action were groping in the dark? It is difficult not to feel that a public apology is due to you for the patronising and often contemptuous manner in which your earnest representations were met. If we as a nation had given ear to your speeches and acted on them we should not now be straining every nerve to create a Kitchener Army fit to take the field in a few months’ time, but we should have had available a Roberts’ Army fit to take the field now. We should have sent to the front not 150,000 men, but 500,000, and I ask any intelligent man to study Sir John French’s account of what happened at Mons and after and think for himself what half a million men would have done in the situation in which the British Expeditionary Force

found itself. The men who would not listen when you told them home truths are the men who would have stood between you and your march on Kandahar; who went into ecstasies when it was accomplished, and shouted what a grand people we are! They belong to the order of mind which, when we were in difficulties in South Africa, turned to you to get us out and were entirely satisfied with all you did until they found that the capture of Paardeberg and Bloemfontein and Pretoria, and the relief of Kimberley and Mafeking and Ladysmith did not end the Boer resistance. Self-satisfied armchair strategists and diplomatists have always chosen to talk as though you had done great things against Afghans and Dutch farmers, but could not possibly gauge matters European.

The truth, of course, is that much that the British Army has learnt in Africa and in India under your tutelage and inspiration is standing it in most excellent stead now in the greatest war in history. It is one of the essential weaknesses of a democratic régime that the wise men have to be judged by the average, and if the wise man’s wisdom is not understood then he cannot hope to prevail. Arguing on general principles, we should have thought that the people of England, remembering your record, would have put it against that of your critics and have said: “Lord Roberts is more likely to have seized the facts.” Why did they not respond? Because, in my opinion, prejudice is always stronger than patriotism in normal circumstances, and it requires abnormal circumstances to make people do in hot haste at heavy cost what you would have had them do deliberately and at comparatively little cost. You would have saved us money, you would have saved us from the indignity of having to advertise for an army as though an army were a commercial commodity, and you would have spared us some anxious hours until we realised that the Navy was equal to its great task.

Germany prepared for the war without the assistance of Bernhardt: Great Britain, so far as her army was concerned, refused to prepare with the assistance of a Roberts. But you bear no sort of ill-will that you were not taken more seriously. You are eager to help now that we are awake, and you are proud of the Empire’s rally. What, one may wonder, were your feelings when you heard that a large Indian contingent was coming to France? Did you not feel that you must rush across to Marseilles to give it welcome? We acclaim Sir John French, we have the highest admiration for Lord Kitchener; we are grateful to both, but I venture to say that in the hearts of every true Briton there is love as well as admiration and gratitude for yourself.

Wishing you all happiness and the health and strength to assist in the great work of consolidating the Empire to whose glory you have added more than one brilliant page,

I am,

Yours obediently,

CARNEADES, JUNR.

The Belgian Refugees

IN the corner house of a quiet London Square a great work is going on. To the passer-by the house looks much as usual, but within is a hive of activity from basement to topmost attic. Each room is a warehouse in miniature. In one are rows upon rows of boots and shoes. In another piles of women's clothing; beyond, again, hats, suits, children's frocks, underwear, all manner of accessories. The clothes themselves deserve a word, so varied are they and so loudly do they speak of the sources whence they came. Tens of thousands of them lie about, and all are gifts. Some are new, piles of frocks and little garments straight from a sewing class in the country, or useful and dainty clothing sent by the well-to-do. Others are little used; to some are tied labels telling of the senders and their wishes as to eventual wearers. "From Jack, aged 7, for a little Belgian brother, 7 too"; sets of baby clothes, "from one who has known her tragedy over here," is on a label. Others are well worn and carefully mended, telling of frugal givers anxious to contribute to a greater need. All are useful, and in the skilful hands of the helpers, made the most of. In the attics are being packed great bundles of coarser garments, in their dozens and hundreds, for distribution at the Alexandra Palace or the other Central Refuges.

It is one of the workshops of the Belgian Refugees Committee—the Clothing Depot, dedicated to the sorting of the garments received, which already are well on their way to reach 100,000; their distribution to the Refuges, and to the personal fitting out of many individual sufferers. It has already ministered directly or indirectly to 15,000 men, women and children, and although not the official organ for reception and hospitality, much has been accomplished in that direction by the ladies concerned. These form a band under the able direction of Lady Emmott. The one qualification required is a working knowledge of French; but to this the untiring band of helpers add tact and sound judgment as well as organisation, and the power to run machinery more complicated than that of an ordinary business, conducted among people of a different nationality from their own. In this Lady McDonnell (in the room for better class cases) is giving invaluable service in her kindly reception of the weary travellers, and in the special understanding she is able to afford them from long residence in France and the fact that she belongs to their Church. How far such graceful sympathy counts could only be told by the unfortunate women of gentle birth and upbringing who arrive day by day in Warwick Square; so soiled and travel-stained and weary that from their appearance it is impossible to guess at their class, clad as they are in mixed garments of any kind they could lay hold on in their haste and terror. To many of them hospitality is offered in homes in town or country: others have been able to save a little money from the wreck, just enough to live on pension over here, but they are without clothing: all women will enter into the pleasure of the Committee in being able

to fit these ladies out with pretty and suitable attire, and so mitigate the severity of their exile.

What Belgium has done for us we can never repay: and the suffering by which this has been accomplished mercifully we cannot realise; glimpses of it are afforded by the stories of these people who pass through the corner house, and the tragedies revealed make all concerned determined that England shall do her best to mend the broken lives and ruined homes. We can never restore those they love who have been cruelly murdered, often done to death before their eyes; we cannot give back joy or life, but we can give present sympathy and help and in the near future aid in the restoration of homes and the rebuilding of the devastated country. To reset their footsteps in the way of hope is a worthy work for English women, and is what the ladies of Warwick Square are doing while they clothe them comfortably.

Visitors are rarely privileged to see the work of distribution, owing to lack of space, but recently the Duchesse de Vendome, sister of their Queen, spent some time there, interested and sympathetic. Let me tell you a few of the stories I have heard, and remember these do not touch the case of the helpless peasants, who have lost everything. They belong to the merchant, professional and shopkeeping classes. Usually they arrive in large families strange to our eyes, of three or more generations, with ramifications of cousins, uncles and aunts. Never a group is complete. Always some are left over yonder. A group of gentlewomen are sent here who have become separated from their friends, and have no knowledge of the whereabouts of husbands, fathers, brothers, or in some cases children. For a week they have been herded in trucks or on the steamer, scarcely clothed, with little food, unable to fulfil any of the requirements of cleanliness, with no news: is it wonder that they arrive dazed, deplorable, in the last stage of misery? There is a family from a frontier town, once in prosperous business. Their home was burnt before their eyes, the baby daughter perished in it: at the German approach they fled from town to town. Five times they thought to have obtained refuge only to be turned adrift once more, and to arrive at last at the coast with nothing left to them beyond existence. The wife, haggard and gaunt with misery, is again to be a mother, too spent and tired to take any interest in the comforts found for her; even the children are unresponsive to kindness, the father almost overwhelmed by it in contrast to his late sufferings. Another group, from a place with which all are now familiar, were in a good position there. We are at once struck by something unusual—its quiet. There are two grandmothers, their respective son and daughter, with baby girl and boy. All the elders are deaf and dumb, and on the little mite of three devolves the task of making their sad story understood. There they stand without home or money or friends—perfectly innocent victims of the most cruel war in history. Such stories could be multiplied unendingly. It is on the women of Belgium that the horrors of warfare have fallen most heavily. As a result some are in nursing homes or hospitals, their con-

dition
holds
of Eng
simple,
But m
the goo
back to
energy

The M
(T

"T
First L
recolle
descrip
times a
early h
trolled
the Sa
success
the nar
crossed
ships,
in their
the inv

The
founde
fight t
proper
and H
Royal
of ne
Hislan
Roman
true f
due, l
early
people
the C
the ic
Cinqu
Susse
the in
ing th
worth
mome
ordin
and t
numb
the n
Joh
accor

dition critical. Thousands are destitute and their future holds nothing but uncertainty. Splendidly the women of England have rallied to their help. Gentle and simple, they have brought gifts and personal service. But much remains to be done, and it is for us to see that the good work is carried through and that they are sent back to their country when peace is won with hope and energy and the means to rebuild homes and businesses.

REVIEWS

Britain's Sure Shield

The Navy of To-Day. By PERCIVAL A. HISLAM.
(T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d.)

"THE Empire has sprung from the sea, and can only live by the sea," said the Earl of Selborne, a late First Lord of the Admiralty, a few months ago. The recollection adds importance to this small volume descriptive of the Navy as it is to-day. We are sometimes apt to forget how at every decisive point in the early history of our land the course of events was controlled by sea-power. The invasions of the Romans, the Saxons, the Vikings, and the Normans were mainly successful because there was no British Navy worthy the name to oppose them. Cæsar's legions, in 54 B.C., crossed from Boulogne to Deal in a flotilla of over 800 ships, the sight of which so terrified the ancient Britons in their coracles that they beat a hasty retreat and left the invaders to land unopposed.

The Navy's claim of one thousand years' history is founded on the building of a fleet by King Alfred to fight the Danes, but as a national force it dates more properly from the reign of Henry VIII. Both Alfred and Henry VII have been called the father of the Royal Navy, but Mr. Hislam considers that the claim of neither rests on a very solid foundation. Mr. Hislam regards Carausius, who was employed by the Romans to exterminate Scandinavian pirates, as the true father of the British Navy. To give Alfred his due, he evolved a kind of naval organisation in the early days of the Norse raids, when there were "the people's ships" and "the king's vessels." Edward the Confessor seems to have been first responsible for the idea of organising for defensive purposes the Cinque Ports—the five towns on the coasts of Kent and Sussex. Harold, it is true, prepared a fleet to intercept the invasion of William of Normandy; but after waiting through a long summer his ships became unseaworthy, and were practically *non est* at the critical moment. It was the Conqueror who improved and coordinated the system initiated by pious King Edward, and the vessels of the Cinque Ports, some fifty-four in number, of about twenty tons burden, were in effect the nucleus of England's Navy.

John Lackland, whatever meed of wickedness may be accorded him, should nevertheless be awarded his due

as being the first King of England who effectually used his navy to prevent invasion. Mr. Hislam does not, owing to the limitations of his little volume, go into all this, but it is interesting to us all now. The much maligned John, aware that Philip Augustus was contemplating a descent on our shores, sent his half-brother, William Longsword, across to Damme, where the latter encountered the French ships and burned them. The strategy so successfully practised by John was repeated early in the next reign, when Hubert de Burgh completed the discomfiture of the French and their allies by the naval victory which he gained over Eustache Le Moigne, the noted privateer and admiral of the French King, in the Straits of Dover, August, 1217. Then Edward III, after a victory over the French at Sluys, which ensured him the undisputed sovereignty of the sea for many years, totally defeated, off Winchelsea, the first Spanish Armada that ever aggressively approached these shores. The battle is known as that of Lespagnols-sur-Mer.

In the reign of Henry IV, the Narrow Sea being no longer guarded, French "pirates" swarmed in the Channel, and scarce a year passed without some maritime raid on an English coast town. During the earlier years of the Wars of the Roses, when we were too busy cutting one another's throats to think of protecting our country from the common foe, the French made two successful descents on our coast. In 1456 they plundered one of the Cinque Ports, and on August 28 in the ensuing year they followed that up by a great raid upon Sandwich.

It was in the reign of Henry VIII that a French Armada, sent by Francis I, arrived off Portsmouth. The English fleet was becalmed, and the Frenchmen started cannonading it, whilst Bluff King Hal watched the action from Southsea Castle. Six days later, after attempting to raid the Isle of Wight, the foe was driven back home. Then followed the defeat of the second Spanish Armada, not by a strong Royal Navy, but mainly by vessels which were privately owned. One of the destroyers of the present day to which Mr. Hislam devotes a chapter would probably have sent the whole of the 160 arrogant Spanish ships to the bottom in less than an hour.

Since those days naval supremacy has always been coincident with commercial prosperity in the history of our country. The later period, however, has not been a sequence of victories; we have had to submit to more than one humiliation; for instance, and especially, when the echo of the Dutch guns reverberated within the precincts of the "Merry" monarch's palace at Whitehall. Our Navy, "the sure shield of Britain and her Empire in the hour of trial," as the King said in his message to Admiral Jellicoe, is maintained nowadays in the highest state of efficiency, for defence not defiance, on the principle that "the strong man armed keepeth his house in peace." During the past century Great Britain has spent on her Navy £1,500,000,000, and what it is to-day, how it is built, manned and trained, Mr. Hislam describes briefly but effectively.

Armies and their Secrets

The German Army from Within. By A BRITISH OFFICER who has served in it. *The Russian Army from Within.* By W. BARNES STEVENI. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. net each.)

The Secrets of the German War Office. By ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES. (T. Werner Laurie. 2s. net.)

THE sudden keen interest in the forces now engaged has led to a quick output of informative little volumes, all of which are worth reading. Our "British Officer" who describes the German army so thoroughly was placed, at the age of twelve, in a German military college, being "in immediate need of the sharpest discipline"—a need which was at once supplied, for, on presenting himself with a respectful bow, one of the senior cadets struck him across the face with a dog-chain, not because he was English, but because he was a new-comer ready to be broken in. With this incident as a key, we can begin to understand the methods of the German army, its severities, its code of "honour," its occasional brutalities.

Training, training up to the limit, is the maxim of this war-machine in times of peace, and the author notes the obliteration of the men's imaginative powers, and a certain recurrent tendency to nervous breakdown. Those in high commands have modelled themselves for so long on Bismarck and Moltke that they have acquired the least admirable qualities of these leaders without possessing the ability necessary to be really great. And—let us note this well—"the German army is the German people; evils in the one are reflected in the other." The lust of battle is abroad, and excesses are committed, not madly, but quietly and deliberately. When even the children are taught in their school-books to laugh at England, to scorn France, and to worship Germany as the world-power, we can see what the result would be. We are seeing it, day by day.

Mr. W. B. Steveni, though not a soldier by profession, lived for twenty-seven years in close touch with Russian military affairs, and is fully qualified to write on the wonderful army of the land that was his home for so long. He has witnessed many times the amazing manœuvres at Krasno Selo and Narva—often over an area equal to that of the British Isles; he has lived with the Cossacks; he has known intimately many famous generals and admirals; and he has perhaps seen more, as a favoured onlooker, than the soldier himself could see. The chapters on the peasant, "the backbone of the Russian army," are extremely interesting. We hardly realise what dense ignorance is the lot of Russia's peasant population, nor how difficult is the task of the officers who have to shape these hardy, brave fellows into fighting men. Things are improving, however, for "in these days," says Mr. Steveni, "the soldier reads the newspapers; in the last generation he could only smoke them—i.e., convert them into cigarette-papers."

A most appealing point is the friendliness of the officers with their men; the officers are referred to in

any little difficulty, though no liberties are taken. The author gives many amusing anecdotes, full descriptions of the weapons used by the Russian troops, and summarises in a clear and logical manner the strength of the immense empire in men, money, and resources generally.

If we can believe all the stories and statements of Dr. Graves, his book is one of the most startling ever written. As a spy to the German Government he had some astonishing adventures, but these take a secondary place before the glorification of the Emperor as a man of peace, "a Protestant monarch who is first and last a Christian." How this holds good with the remarks that "the control of the army in peace or war lies with the Emperor; he is the sole arbiter and head"; and "Wilhelm holds the thunderbolt which will shake the world," we leave our readers to discover. The book is more fascinating than any romance or detective story, and the reader is compelled to a thrill of admiration at the coolness and nerve of the author in the various "tight corners" which confronted him. In several respects this book and "The German Army" do not agree—on the question of transport efficiency, for example. Taken together, the two might be mutually corrective. We should like to have the other side of the story of the author's interview with Sir Edward Grey; there are some points almost incredible.

Warring Rome

Republican Rome. By H. L. HAVELL, B.B. (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is safe to say that for the past two months a part of each man's day has been spent in studying maps and charts of battle. Every man has suddenly leapt to the position of a strategical expert. Moreover, in his studying of maps he is constantly coming across the names of old battle sites; and Brown is to be heard telling Smith that if Napoleon could only have reached Grouchy to place him across the line of Blucher's advance, the map of Europe might not be what it now is. At the moment both Brown and Smith would much like to know and to study the details of the earlier great battle of Chalons, where Attila was defeated, and turned aside to march upon and ravage Rome with his Huns. They have a conviction that the comparison of that with the present battle of Chalons would be an interesting revelation of the difference, pictorial as well as real, between ancient and modern warfare.

Mr. Havell will provide such a man with much to think upon, for any history of Republican Rome must needs be occupied with the imperial aggrandisement that marked it, and thus with the military progress by which it was achieved. The sub-title, "Her Conquests, Manners, and Institutions from the earliest times to the Death of Cæsar," very well expresses the order of importance for the various themes. Even before Rome had entered upon the First Punic War her career in Italy destined her to a martial history. The choice that she had taken sprang from an instinct that later

logically evolved itself in a lust for imperial and commercial power. Mr. Havell is justly severe on the moral, or amoral, attitude of the Phœnician oligarchy, and seems to imply that the Romans shone by comparison; but in his next breath he proceeds to speak of the growth of the Roman provincial system, wherein a younger people may be seen setting forth on the same road as their older rivals. The contention was one of like against like, and in that fact the generations of warfare took its peculiar and inevitable bitterness.

Yet, oddly enough, when the issue was at its keenest it took altogether another aspect. We do not think of Carthage when we learn of Hamilcar in Sicily, at Herote and Eryx, defending himself with a small force against the Roman legions; or when we read of him training his young son Hannibal to ceaseless enmity against the growing Roman power. And when the interest passes to Hannibal himself, Carthage virtually passes out of sight. It is then the hand of the natural rebel against the overwhelder of small peoples for gain; and our healthy instincts in such an issue cannot be questioned. We do not even think of that splendid offensive from Spain, that audacious attack by land round the littoral and over the Alps, as being launched from Carthage; and we are right; for, in point of fact, the first Punic War was a contention between two purely material empires, whereas the second was the audacity of a personal leader in a healthy desire to overthrow an uprising imperial dominion. It suited Roman writers, no doubt, to speak of it as the Second Punic War; and it had this semblance of truth, that it grew out of the first war, but it was an entirely different thing. Our sympathies are with Rome in the Punic War; but they change completely in Hannibal's War, and not merely because of the individual prowess of its outstanding general.

Generalship always takes its chief glory from the cause for which it stands. To those years of campaigning, that remarkable series of victories from Ticinus to Cannae, wherein the generalship that won the battles and the masterly eye for country that chose their sites were but a part of the skill that maintained a relatively small force for years in the enemy's own country, Mr. Havell does excellent justice. Modern campaigns seem patient, ding-dong work besides that record. Taken for all in all, from the daring inception of the idea to its resourceful and unflinching execution, there has probably been nothing like it in the records of war; and it entitles Hannibal to the chief place among the few military geniuses history has produced. If only for the interest of these pages, we imagine that the better kind of military zest roused by this war should attract attention to this book. It is patiently, fairly, and exhaustively treated, and if the actual writing is not always commensurate with the panoramic interest and implicit philosophy of the subject, this is not a fault that will weigh much at the moment. At any rate, the facts are here, and they have been arraigned with judgment.

Fiction

WITH the assistance of a few kind friends, duly acknowledged in an "author's note," and the material to be found in history-books, memoirs, and diaries, especially Mr. Pepys', Monsignor Benson has compiled, quite as much as written, an historical romance, "Oddsfish!" (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), which covers 450 closely printed pages. This is not surprising, for the period chosen by the author is that of the last seven years of the reign of Charles II, and accounts of Titus Oates and Dangerfield and their bogus Popish and Meal-tub Plots, with the martyrdom of several innocent Jesuits and other Roman Catholics, followed by the Rye House Plot and the death-bed scene of the so-called Merry Monarch, afford ample material for the filling of almost innumerable pages. The story, however, is decidedly thin, and the adventures of the stripling, Roger Mallock, are highly improbable. The author has an irritating way of disfiguring his pages by printing a large number of passages within brackets, and he does not appear to be quite at home with the title he has chosen. The word, which is a corruption of "God's Flesh," was the favourite oath of Charles II, but Father Benson is contented with putting it into the King's mouth on only three occasions, though for variety he each time spells it differently—"Oddsflesh," "Oddsfish," and "Odd's fish." Even the writer of an historical romance, or his proof-reader, might be a little more consistent than this.

Mrs. Florence L. Barclay's latest novel, "The Wall of Partition" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 6s.), is a story of parted lovers which is likely to meet with the cordial approval of those young ladies in their emotional 'teens who have been devouring her successive works, from "The Rosary" downwards. The present volume will compare favourably with its predecessors from the same pen, and will no doubt meet with a similar success, and, war or no war, a love-story will ever find readers.

"Perch of the Devil," by Gertrude Atherton (John Murray, 6s.), is a dramatic and breezy story of the Rockies. The strange title is the name bestowed in early days on Butte, "the richest hill in the world," situated in the N.W. State of Montana, when it was less famous for metals and morals than it has since become. Butte is considered the ugliest city in the United States, and that is saying a good deal, but though she be ugly, hopelessly, uncompromisingly ugly, she is, nevertheless, very much alive, and so is Mrs. Atherton's story, the scene of which is laid in this great and wealthy mining centre. It is a clever and powerful piece of work, both with regard to delineation of character and description of scenery, and shows the author at her best. The American woman and the American man in different walks of life are deftly and subtly portrayed, while the kaleidoscopic native dialect runs riot through her picturesque pages to the amazement of the simple student of the English language.

"Academy" War Acrostics

CONDITIONS

THERE will be Six weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £3, £2, and £1 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

Answers should reach THE ACADEMY office not later than the first post on the Wednesday morning following the date of the paper in which the Acrostic appears, and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE ACADEMY.

Rolls House, Brems Buildings, London, E.C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Fourth of the War Series)

Two words that point to strawberry leaves,
And rasp : are here revealed;
United, they disclose a branch
Of service in the field.

- (1) Protection! in every one's mouth 'tis to-day,
Where speakers are winning recruits all the way!
And there's spouting about it in humble homesteads,
Though perhaps it's a matter that's over their heads.
- (2) If such a foe's sheet anchor falls
Beside your ship, look out for squalls!
Too much of it might p'r'aps disable,
So save yourself, and cut the cable.
- (3) Half-splintered shell, that gives us "hell"—
We put it bluntly—and there's found,
On bursting it, what (save the wit!)
Gives quite a military sound.
- (4) Algerian and artisan,
And also French-trained soldier man.

E. N.

One light is reversed.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC

True to the British Raj! the land of Princes shows
Its loyalty to Emperor, its mettle 'gainst his foes.

- (1) The vaunted German "I" lies here, confined;
The fruits of which to China are assigned.
- (2) An Empire neutral! All the same
We know it has a warlike fit on,
If, to our foes, it adds its name,
Then that's a thing we ought to sit on.
- (3) The enemy may do this; still
We know our Forces never will!
- (4) "Culture!" Away with it! one shuns
All that the mis-used word pretends!
See how this peaceful practice ends!
See the fell work of German Huns!
- (5) The mask is stripped!
It starts, equipped;
A grubby thing
Developing.

E. N.

- (1) L ich I
- (2) O ttoma N
- (3) Y iel D
- (4) A gr I (culture)
- (5) L arv A

Note.—No. 1. "Ich" (the German "I"). The lichi—or litchi—is the fruit of a tree found in China.

Solutions to No. 2 ("Emperor Wilhelm") were received from Anvil, T. J. Beard, Bill, Bor, Chutney, Foncet, Geomat, Glenshee, Hoblyn, Kamsin, Ko, F. C. Moore, Nelisha, Nemo, Ocol, Sadykins, Sajoth, Sutton, W. J. Tiltman, Morgan Watkins, Wiccamicus, Wilbro, Wrekin, and Zeta.

Will Competitors please note change of address?

MOTORING

A PART from the enormous number of the combatants engaged and the gigantic scale upon which the operations are being conducted, the feature which differentiates the present war from all the others which have taken place since the world began is that it is essentially a motor war. The extent to which the mechanically propelled vehicle has played, and is playing, its part is matter of common knowledge, but the importance of the motor as a factor in hastening, if not determining, the issue of the conflict is perhaps not generally realised. When it is borne in mind, however, that speedy despatch-carrying, ambulance work, and general transport throughout are mainly dependent upon motor vehicles in one form or another, the advantages possessed by the side which has the greater facilities for the manufacture of these will be recognised. Fortunately, it is our own side which has these advantages. Speaking for this country alone, not only have we an immense numerical preponderance in privately owned cars available for general purposes in the last resource, but we are also in a position to turn out the heavier type suitable for all military purposes in quantities and at a rate impossible to our opponents. The importance of this will be realised more and more as the war progresses.

It will be recollected that, at the instance of Mr. Arthur Du Cros, M.P., a scheme was recently adopted

All . .
British

NAPIER

MOTOR BUSINESS VEHICLES

Built on the Famous Acton Works, London. **ON THE SPOT**

The British and Allied Governments are taking the present output of **HEAVY-LOAD NAPIER BUSINESS VEHICLES**—a striking illustration that **NAPIER QUALITY TELLS**

THE TYPES OF BUSINESS VEHICLES most suitable for general Commercial use are medium size models to carry 30 cwt. to 2 tons, and the lighter Express Delivery Vehicle to carry 15 cwt. to 1 ton.

The Two Models quoted below are strongly recommended Both are general favourites with the leading British Houses, which realise the **RELIABILITY** and **SUPERB QUALITY** of **NAPIER BUSINESS VEHICLES**

PRICES:—

15/20 cwt. Model, £350 | 30/40 cwt. Model, £475

EARLY DELIVERY

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.
14 New Burlington Street, LONDON, W.
Works: ACTON, W.

for the formation in London of a Battalion of Colonial Infantry, the committee responsible for the arrangements consisting of Mr. Du Cros, the Hon. Gideon Murray, Major Norton Griffiths, M.P., Col. Hamersley, M.P., Major Madox, and Captain George Du Cros. It is gratifying to know that the scheme has proved even more successful than was anticipated, and that up to the end of last week no fewer than 650 men had been enrolled. The battalion has by arrangement been amalgamated with another infantry battalion raised by the Mayor of Kensington, the composite battalion, which is now up to full strength, constituting a special service unit of the Royal Fusiliers. It is hoped that this will be known as the Imperial Battalion of that regiment, or by some other distinctive name. Major J. A. Innes, late of the Rifle Brigade, and now of the Sussex Yeomanry, will be in command, and the headquarters will continue to be at the White City. Major Innes served throughout the South African War, and was three times mentioned in despatches.

A testimony to the qualities of the all-British Dunlop tyre is contained in a letter recently received by the Dunlop Rubber Company from Corporal J. K. Stevens, R.E., a despatch-rider on service with the British Expeditionary Force. Detailing his experiences in the earlier part of the war, the Corporal, who was one of the first motor-cycle despatch-riders to go to the front, states that in three weeks he travelled well over 2,000 miles, and only had one tyre-puncture. "The roads in Belgium," he continues, "were some of the most fiendish imaginable, and I frequently rode across fields of stubble and tracks of all descriptions. This convinces me that Dunlop tyres are the best and wear the longest, for active service is a sure test of endurance and fitness."

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE Committee of the Stock Exchange are gradually rousing themselves. During the past week they have issued innumerable notices, all of them evidently designed to facilitate the reopening of the Stock Exchange. It is quite easy to criticise the efforts of the Committee; the newspapers, however, have refrained from doing this on account of the good motive that underlies the whole proceeding. The Stock Exchange must be opened and that quickly, and it cannot be opened if half the members are to be allowed to hammer themselves instantly, for this hammering would only transfer the burden of the loss from one back to another. Therefore the

Committee have abolished hammering for the time being and you cannot either be hammered or hammer yourself. A long series of rules regulating the action of the broker towards his client have been issued. It is very difficult to understand how these rules will work. Indeed, no one can possibly forecast the effect that a new rule will have upon business. We shall have to see how the client likes them when they come into working operation. The general body of members are dead against hammering, and many of them declare that there will never be another member hammered in the House.

With regard to the edict fixing prices of Americans at the rate ruling at the end of July account I must frankly admit that it is pure make-believe. No one can possibly authorise fixed prices; no prices can be fixed to anything in this world; that is to say, if people want to do business. In the case of American Railways which fluctuate wildly the fixing of prices is a mere farce; dividends and traffic receipts must protect the quotation, and no Stock Exchange Committee in the world can force a man to buy Union Pacifics at a fixed price when he is firmly convinced that traffics are going down and that dividends will be cut. The excuse made by the Committee is that Wall Street, where prices have been fixed, is determined not to buy from the German. London readily agrees to this for she is neither anxious to possess American Railway shares nor is she willing to pay the Germans any money. The new rule will of course prevent German firms from liquidating their securities, and as such it is a splendid weapon to use in war time, but it is very doubtful whether it has any other use. It will certainly stop all business. There is little or no trading on Wall Street, there will be less in London. If the dealers in the American market are satisfied to sit at home and live upon their private incomes then no one else can grumble. The fixing of prices will hurt the United States far more than it does us, and it will certainly hurt the Germans worse than anybody and in this respect benefit the allies. But from a business point of view the whole thing is farcical.

There is no business either inside or outside the House, and dealers do not anticipate that anything will be done unless we get some good news from the front. The silence of the past week has frozen up the desire of the speculator to invest his money. Cautious people are picking up Armament shares, and the speech of the Chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms has encouraged them. But there is a limit to the buying power of the British public. To begin with everything has to be done on a cash basis, also no one can sell other securities. Therefore you cannot exchange one security for another.

The Prince of Wales' Fund Own Patriotic Song.

'The Homes they leave behind'

Music by WALTER RUBENS.

Words by HAROLD BEGBIE.

The entire profits of this song will be devoted to the National Relief Fund and the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund and Institution, the former receiving 75 per cent., the latter 25 per cent.

THE HOMES THEY LEAVE BEHIND. Will you help them by purchasing the song? (Price 1s. 1d., post free.)

Band parts are published at the nominal charge of 2s. net, by the publishers of the song, ENOCH & SONS, 14 and 14A, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

Perhaps when the House re-opens this may be altered, but I am not very sanguine, for the financial condition of the jobbers is so bad that they will be unwilling to take any risks, and they will not put the shares on their books unless they are perfectly certain of finding buyers.

All the newspapers take up a very optimistic attitude both in regard to the length of the war and its effect upon trade. But we must not think that a great war like this can be finished quickly, and we must not forget the enormous destruction of capital that is going on day by day. Probably there are fourteen millions of people engaged in the war, and these people cannot be costing less than seven millions a day. This means a wastage of capital of about 200 millions a month. Now if the war goes on for three years anyone can figure out the vast sums that will be lost. I want to emphasise the word "lost." It is a loss that can never be made up, and it will put back the world for a century.

The German imagined that he had done a good thing when he took Alsace-Lorraine and obtained two hundred millions from the French. But those who have studied the history of Germany from 1870 to 1880 will see that this decade was one of the severest distress, and that without the financial aid of France Germany would have inevitably defaulted. This shows that war destroys both the victor and the vanquished.

The Mexico Light and Power and Mexico Tramways Company send out belated reports for the year 1913. Apparently they show a certain amount of progress, and the financial newspapers appear pleased with them. I can only say that both companies seem in a poor condition, although this is hardly disclosed in the report. Harrisons and Crosfield intend to make a new issue of preference shares. On paper the profits are slightly above those of last year, but this satisfactory result is obtained by ignoring the heavy depreciation on investments. The firm is admirably managed, and it is a pity that the loss should not have been written off this year's profits. This could easily have been done if the management shares had gone without a dividend.

Seaport Selangor has made sufficient profit to maintain the 6 per cent. dividend, and the carry forward is slightly increased. As the company has ample funds in hand the policy of dividing up to the hilt is perhaps justifiable. Robinson and Cleaver have had bad luck; the building of the new shop in Regent Street has been seriously delayed by the building strike, consequently the net profits are down over £3,000, and once again the ordinary shares receive nothing. The debentures in this concern are very reasonably secured. Assam Railways has had a fairly good year, but the figures can hardly be compared as the last report was for fifteen months. The B stock gets 7 per cent. All the securities of this well-managed concern are an excellent holding.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

PROFESSOR STRONG AND THE TEACHERS OF GERMAN: A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Whatever may be the result of the present war in other respects, it is certain that one of its effects will be to diminish the number of German teachers of their own language in Britain. Indeed, apart from all other considerations, the unpopularity which the barbarism of their countrymen has brought upon the name of German would render discipline impossible in any class of English pupils, either at schools or universities. But it is to be

hoped that the language and literature of our present enemies will still maintain its position in our educational curriculum, and that the place of the Teuton expounder of Teuton culture may be in future filled satisfactorily by our own countrymen. There are plenty of young scholars in this country who are well equipped for the teaching of modern languages; schools for their training have been established alike in our older and newer universities, and as it is important that such teachers should have studied abroad, it may be noted that courses of German are given at Zürich and other Swiss universities, as well as in those of Belgium and Holland. Students of modern languages in this country have been much discouraged by the fact that after all their endeavours to render themselves fit to teach these subjects they find that the school or university authorities exclude them in favour of a foreigner. I am glad to hear that the Liverpool University has had the courage to elect an Englishman as Professor of German, and I hope that this example may be imitated by other educational institutions.

Those who are responsible for the appointment of applicants to the post of teachers of modern languages seem to forget that the invariable practice in Germany and in France is to choose a German or a Frenchman as professor or as head teacher; under him an Englishman is permitted to serve as a kind of conversational coach with the title of "Lector," but he receives small emoluments and not much consideration. The Continental authorities know well that a German who has mastered English will understand better than an Englishman the precise difficulties with which his pupils will have to contend in the process of learning our language, and surely the same consideration might have weight with us. I am, yours truly,

H. A. STRONG.

Farnham Common, Slough.

October 5.

THE PRUSSIAN TERROR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The series of State Papers issued by the Governments of the Triple Entente have conclusively proved the blood-guiltiness of the German Government. But they will not be complete without the magnificent Open Letter to the Kaiser which appeared in your issue of September 26. Surely the most effective manner of bringing this masterly exposure before the attention of his Royal and Imperial Majesty will be to urge the British Foreign Office to issue the latter as an additional White Paper. Your obedient servant,

H. MORTIMER.

Brighton, October 3, 1914.

"SERVIA" OR "SERBIA"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Practically every English newspaper still continues to spell Serbia "Servia." Everyone in England has taken kindly to "Petrograd," no doubt as a compliment to our brave Russian allies, and as we find ourselves able to adopt this changed form so promptly, we might also pay a similar respect to the wish to the "Servians" to be known among us as "Serbs." M. Petrovitch, Attaché to the Serbian Royal Legation in London, tells us that the English language is the only one which instead of the correct forms, "Serbia" and "Serbians," uses the solecisms "Servia" and "Servians." What the Serbs dislike is the implication that the name of their race is derived from the Latin root "servare," from which servants and servitude are descended. "The corrupt form is extremely offensive to the people to whom it is applied, and should be aban-

done," says M. Petrovitch. This being so, everyone who has read of the gallant deeds of the Serbian army will remember that "b," and forget that peccant "v." Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

September 25, 1914.

A PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—May I, as a working man, suggest that the present is an opportune moment for the formation of a "Patriotic League," the objects of which would be to inculcate a deeper love of our own country in the hearts of my fellow working men; to assist and strengthen the recruiting movement by the aid of public meetings in our large industrial centres; and to put before the great mass of the people the real facts respecting the cause of the present war, etc., etc.

The potentialities of such a League are, in my opinion, boundless, and its value or usefulness would not cease with the termination of the war, but would be permanently effective in counteracting the evil and poisonous anti-English doctrines of fellows of the stamp of Ramsay MacDonald and Keir Hardie.

Hoping to see some move in the suggested direction, I am yours, etc.,

WILLIAM SIMS.

98, Redgrave Street, Oldham.

QUOTATION WANTED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Where does the line,
"We mortal millions live alone,"
come from? Can any of your fair readers recollect a striking incident in connection with this line? Yours truly,
QUERIST.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- Oddsfish!* By Robert Hugh Benson. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
The Cost of a Promise. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
The Garden of Love. By E. Hamilton Moore. (Erskine Macdonald. 6s.)
Tributaries. Anonymous. (Constable and Co. 6s.)
The Way of the Lover. By Arabella Kenealy. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
The Thinker: A Vision of Power. By W. Huntley Adams. (A. H. Stockwell. 1s. 6d. net.)
The Way of Transgressors. By L. S. D. (A. H. Stockwell.)
Doris Manners: or Sealed Lips and Love's Sacrifice. By J. Paul Seymour. (2s. 6d. net.)
South-Country Idylls. By F. J. Williams. (A. H. Stockwell. 2s. net.)
Shaping a Destiny. By Clarice Dadd Laine. (A. H. Stockwell. 6s.)
The Castle of Fortune. By Florence Drummond. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
The Achievement. By E. Temple Thurston. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
Dalliance and Strife. By F. Bancroft. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
Shifting Sands. By Alice Birkhead. (John Lane. 6s.)
The Man with the Double Heart. By Muriel Hine. (John Lane. 6s.)

When Thoughts Will Soar. By Baroness Bertha von Suttner. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

Letters of a Woman Homesteader. By Elinore Pruitt Stewart. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

Elizabeth's Prisoner. By L. T. Meade. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Flute of Arcady. By Kate Horn. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Crime and Punishment. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. (Wm. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Hidden Children. By Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

The Pastor's Wife. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

"Candytuft—I mean Veronica." By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Macaulay's History of England. With Illustrations. Vol. IV. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Life of Isaac Watts. By Thomas Wright. (C. J. Farncombe and Sons. 5s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Battle of Dorking. With an Introduction by G. H. Powell. (Grant Richards. 6d. net.)

Modern Germany and the Modern World. By M. E. Sadler. (Macmillan and Co. 2d.)

The Navy of To-Day. By Percival A. Hislam. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d. net.)

Brave Belgium: Her History and Her People. By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. (F. and C. Palmer. 6d. net.)

Richard Jefferies and Civilisation. By A. F. Thorn. (A. H. Stockwell. 6d. net.)

The Proof of God: A Dialogue with Two Letters. By Harold Begbie. (Constable and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Impressions and Comments. By Havelock Ellis. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

A Peep Through the Veil. By A. R. Chatterjee. (A. H. Stockwell. 1s. net.)

Jane Clegg: A Play in Three Acts. By St. John G. Ervine. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s.)

Bloodshed: The Tragedy of a Modern Caesar. By Ignotus. (Holden and Hardingham. 3d.)

A B C Guide to the Great War. Compiled by Edmund B. D'Auvergne. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

The Siege of Liège. By Paul Hamelius, Dr. Phil. (T. Werner Laurie. 1s. net.)

The War Lord. A Character Study of Kaiser William II by means of his Speeches, Letters and Telegrams. Compiled by J. M. Kennedy. (Frank and Cecil Palmer. 7d. net.)

The Tragedy of A Troubadour: An Interpretation of Browning's Sordello. By E. H. Thomson. (Elkin Mathews.)

The Enemy in Our Midst. By Walter Wood. (John Long. 1s. net.)

Who is Responsible? By Cloudesley Brereton. (G. Har- rap and Co. 7d. net.)

How Germany Makes War. By General F. von Bern- hardi. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. net.)

Pasteur and After Pasteur. By Stephen Paget, F.R.C.S. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

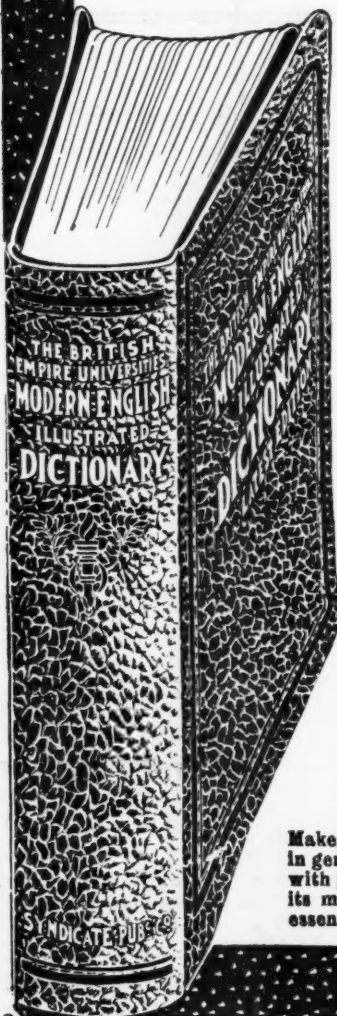
In the Canadian Bush. By F. C. Cooper. (Heath, Cran- ton and Ouseley. 2s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

The Nineteenth Century and After; The Author; Wild Life.

MAKE YOURSELF A PRESENT

Greatly reduced illustration of the Guinea Book, choice bound in genuine limp leather. Gilt edges.



The "Academy's" Offer

In addition to the vocabulary proper containing the latest words there are Glossaries by these noted authorities:

CRICKET.—Lord Hawke.

AVIATION.—Claude Grahame - White, Holder of the Gordon-Bennett Aviation Championship of the World Trophy.

LAWN TENNIS.—Anthony F. Wilding, World's Champion (1910-1911-1912-1913).

FOOTBALL—RUGBY.—J. E. Raphael, Old Oxford "Blue"; English International

(1901-1905); Captain of English XV in the Argentine (1910); Ex-Captain of "Old Merchant Taylors" XV.

FOOTBALL—ASSOCIATION.—W. L. Timmis, Secretary of the Corinthians Football Club.

GOLF.—James Braid, Open Champion (1901-5-6-8-10).

MOTORING.—H. Walter Staner, Editor of "The Autocar."

SOME OF THE EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Professor Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge.

Professor George Saintsbury, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature University of Edinburgh.

Professor Henry Cecil Kennedy Wyld, B.Litt., Oxon., Professor of English Language and Philology in the University of Liverpool.

Professor I. Gollancz, M.A., Litt.D., F.B.A., University Professor of English Language and Literature, and Dean of the Faculty of Arts, King's College, London.

Frank W. Dyson, F.R.S., I.L.D., The Astronomer-Royal.

Professor Foster Watson, M.A., D.Litt., Professor of Education in the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

Henry R. Tedder, F.S.A., Secretary and Librarian of the Athenæum.

Major H. H. Wade, Editor of "The Army Review."

Commander Charles M. Robinson, R.N., Editor of the "Navy and Army" (1903).



Lord CHARLES BERESFORD:—

"The most excellent Dictionary I have ever yet seen. It is typed in clear print, and is not only a full and complete dictionary, but contains vivid illustrations of a most instructive character."

Makes an ideal possession. It is bound in genuine limp leather, stamped in gold, with gilt edges, an Edition de Luxe, and its many literary features make it an essential desk companion.

"THE ACADEMY'S" OFFER.

To all its readers "THE ACADEMY" is able, because of the War, to give the rare opportunity of possessing practically as a gift the Guinea Modern English Dictionary, the latest and ripest product of modern scholarship. Among its Editorial Contributors are such famous men as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch ("Q"), Professor Saintsbury, etc. At all booksellers this identical book—bound sumptuously in leather, like a Bible—cannot be had for less than £1 1s. net. Special arrangements have been made by "THE ACADEMY" for a certain limited quantity of these books to be distributed to its readers for a sum of 8s. each, including postage. Application should be made on this form, which can either be cut or copied out.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the Dictionary Department,

"THE ACADEMY," Rolls House, Brems Buildings,
London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,

I desire to have my name put on the list of applicants for the £1 1s. Edition de Luxe Presentation Copies of the Modern English Dictionary, and enclose cheque (or postal order) for eight shillings in full payment, including postage.—Yours faithfully,

Name (Mr., Mrs., or Miss).....

Address

NOTE.—"The Academy" guarantees to return at once and in full the sum of 8s. to any applicant who, after receiving the Dictionary, is not completely satisfied with it.

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, at Rolls House, Brems Buildings, London, E.C. Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban. Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.